

THE

# LIVES

D<sup>r</sup> *John Donne,*

Sir *Henry Wotton,*

M<sup>r</sup> *Richard Hooker,*

M<sup>r</sup> *George Herbert.*

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Written by IZAAK WALTON.

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To which are added some Letters written by  
Mr. *George Herbert*, at his being in *Cam-*  
*bridge*: with others to his Mother, the  
*Lady Magdalen Herbert*, written by *John*  
*Donne*, afterwards Dean of *St. Pauls*.

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Ecclef. 44. 7.

*These were honourable men in their Generations.*

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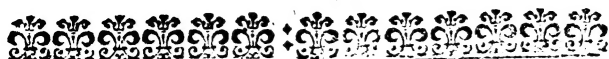
LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Newcomb* for *Richard Marriett*.

Sold by most Booksellers. 1670.

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To the Right Honorable  
And  
Reverend Father in GOD  
**G E O R G E**  
*Lord Bishop of Winchester, and  
Prelate of the most noble Order  
of the Garter.*

My Lord,



*Did some years  
past, present you  
with a plain rela-  
tion of the life  
of Mr Richard  
Hooker, that humble man, to  
whose memory, Princes and the  
most learned of this Nation have*  
*A 3 paid*

## The Epistle

*paid a reverence at the mention of his name ---- And, now with Mr. Hookers I present you also, the life of that pattern of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert; and, with his, the life of Doctor Donne, and your friend Sir Henry Wotton, all reprinted. -- The two first were written under your roof: for which reason, if they were worth it, you might justly challenge a Dedication. And indeed, so you might of Doctor Donnes, and Sir Henry Wottons: because, if I had been fit for this Undertaking, it would not have been by acquir'd Learning or Study, but by the advantage of forty years friendship, and*

## Dedictory.

*and thereby the hearing of and  
discoursing with your Lordship,  
which hath inabled me to make the  
relation of these Lives passable in  
an eloquent and captious age.*

*And indeed, my Lord, though,  
these relations be well-meant Sa-  
crifices to the Memory of these  
Worthy men: yet, I have so little  
Confidence in my performance, that  
I beg pardon for superscribing  
your name to them; And, desire  
all that know your Lordship, to ap-  
prehend this not as a Dedication.  
(at least, by which you receive any  
addition of honour;) but rather,  
as an humble, and a more publick*

# The Epistle, &c.

acknowledgment of your long continued: and, your now daily Favours of

*My Lord*

Your most affectionate

and

most humble Servant

*Izaak Walton.*



## To the Reader.

**T**Hough, the several Introductions to these several Lives, have partly declared the reasons how, and why I undertook them: yet, since they are come to be review'd, and, augmented, and reprinted: and, the four are become one Book; I desire leave to inform you that shall become my Reader, that when I look back upon my mean abilities, 'tis not without some little wonder at my self, that I am come to be publickly in print. And, though I have in those Introductions declar'd some of the accidental reasons: yet, let me add this to what is there said: that, by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wottons writing the life of Doctor Donne, and Sir Henry's dying before he perform'd it, I became like those that enter easily

## The Epistle

*easily into a Law-sute, or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet, when they desire it. And really, after such a manner, I became engag'd, into a necessity of writing the life of Doctor Donne: Contrary; to my first Intentions. And that begot a like necessity of writing the life of his and my honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton.*

*And, having writ these two lives; I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling my self or others, by any new ingagement in this kind. But, about that time, Doct. Ga. (then Lo. B. of Exeter) publisht the Life of Mr. Ric. Hooker, (so he called it) with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and his Books: that discoursing of them with his Grace, Gilbert that now is Lord Arch bishop of Canterbury, he injoyned me to examine some Circumstances, and then rectifie the Bishops mistakes, by giving the World a truer account of Mr. Hooker and his Books;  
and*



to the Reader.

*and I know I have done so. And, indeed, till his Grace had laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it: but when he had twice injoynd me to it, I then trusted his judgment, and submitted to his Commands, considering that if I did not, I could not forbear accusing my self of disobedience: And, indeed of Ingratitude for his many favours. Thus I became ingaged into the third Life.*

*For the life of Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be a Free-will-offering, and writ, chiefly to please my self: but not without some respect to posterity, for though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and vertues might have been neglected, or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the Imitation of those that shall succeed us: for I conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of mens Vertuous actions,*  
*then*

## The Epistle

*then tradition. I am to tell the Reader, that though this life of Mr. Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet, I intended it a Review, before it should be made publick: but, that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when 'twas printing; so that the Reader may finde in it, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and, some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me but the Printer: and yet I hope none so great, as may not by this Confession purchase pardon, from a good natur'd Reader.*

*And now, I wish that as Josephus (that learned Jew) and others, so these men had also writ their own lives: and since 'tis not the fashion of these times; that their friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more: because 'tis an honour due to the dead, and a debt due to those that shall live, and succeed us.*  
*For*

## To the Reader.

*For when the next age shall (as this do's) admire the Learning and clear Reason which Doctor Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln) hath demonstrated in his Sermons and other writings, who, if they love vertue, would not rejoyce to know that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life, as for his great learning; and as remarkable for his Fortitude, in his long and patient suffering (under them, that then call'd themselves the Godly Party) for that Doctrine, which he had preach'd and printed, in the happy daies of the Nations and the Churches peace? And, who would not be content to have the like account of Doctor Field, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope, that my example or reason can perswade to this: yet, I please my self, that I shall conclude my Preface, with wishing that it were so.*

J. W.

# ERRATA.

If these mistakes (which spoil the sense) be first corrected by the Reader, he will do me some, and himself a greater Courtesy.

Doct. Donne.

Pag. 29. lin. 19. r. *perform*

30. l. 24. r. *do it*

32. l. 2. r. *fortune*

63. l. 21. r. *Dors*

In Sir H. Wotton.

29. l. 10. r. *jam'd*

35. l. 9. *as well*

37. l. 22. dele Mr. *Bedell*

38. l. 17. dele *mis-*

41. l. 8. r. *delivery*

45. l. 5. r. *mont*

47. l. 19. r. *Syphua*

53. l. 7. r. *against*

56. l. 24. r. *Elegy*

75. l. 19. r. *these.*

In Mr. Hooker.

25. l. 4. r. *affiduous : still*

42. l. 7. r. *God and so*

42. l. 11. r. *and in wicked*

42. l. 15. dele *(it)*

56. l. 20. r. *answers.*

} These must be thus corrected, or that Paragraph will not be sense.

In George Herbert,

14. l. 4. r. *his*

24. dele *of*

32. l. 22. r. *Parish Church*

33. l. 26. r. *she*

34. l. 4. dele *at*

49. l. 10. r. *wants in*

63. l. 24. dele *too*

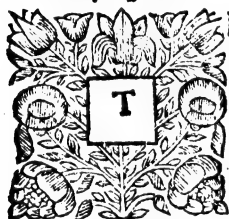
65. l. 24. r. *spirits and*

72. l. 3. r. *for she*

80. l. 1. r. *as they,*

*The Copy of a Letter writ to  
Mr. Isaac Walton, by Doctor  
King Lord Bishop of Chi-  
chester.*

*Honest Isaac,*



Though a Familiarity of more  
then Forty years continuance,  
and the constant experience  
of your Love even in the  
worst times, be sufficient to  
indear our Friendship; yet, I  
must confess my Affection much improved, not  
onely by Evidences of private Respect to many  
that know and love you, but by your new De-  
monstration of a publick Spirit, testified in a di-  
ligent, true, and useful Collection of so many  
Material Passages as you have now afforded me  
in the Life of Venerable Mr. *Hooker*, of which,  
since desired by such a Friend as your self, I  
shall not deny to give the Testimony of what  
I know concerning him and his learned Books:  
but shall first here take a fair occasion to tell  
you, that you have been happy in choosing to  
write the Lives of three such Persons, as Po-  
sterity hath just cause to honour; which they  
will do the more for the true Relation of them

B

by

by your happy Pen ; of all which I shall give you my unfeigned Censure.

I shall begin with my most dear and incomparable Friend Dr. *Donne*, late Dean of St. *Pauls* Church, who not onely trusted me as his Executor, but three days before his death delivered into my hands those excellent Sermons of his now made publick: professing before Dr. *Winniff*, Dr. *Monford*, and, I think, your self then present at his bed side, that it was by my restless importunity, that he had prepared them for the Press ; together with which (as his best Legacy) he gave me all his Sermon-Notes, and his other Papers, containing an Extract of near Fifteen hundred Authours. How these were got out of my hands, you, who were the Messenger for them, and how lost both to me and your self, is not now seasonable to complain: but, since they did miscarry, I am glad that the general Demonstration of his Worth was so fairly preserved, and represented to the World by your Pen in the History of his Life ; indeed so well, that beside others, the best Critick of our later time (Mr. *John Hales* of *Eaton* Colledge) affirm'd to me, *He had not seen a Life written with more advantage to the Subject, or more reputation to the Writer, then that of Dr. Donnes.*

After the performance of this task for Dr. *Donne*, you undertook the like office for our Friend Sir *Henry Wotton*: betwixt which two there

there was a Friendship begun in *Oxford*, continued in their various Travels, and more confirmed in the religious Friendship of Age: and doubtless this excellent Person had writ the Life of Dr. *Danne*, if Death had not prevented him; by which means his and your Pre-collections for that Work fell to the happy Menage of your Pen: a Work which you would have declined, if imperious Persuasions had not been stronger then your modest Resolutions against it. And I am thus far glad, that the first Life was so imposed upon you, because it gave an unavoidable Cause of Writing the second; if not: 'tis too probable, we had wanted both; which had been a prejudice to all Lovers of Honour and ingenious Learning. And let me not leave my Friend Sir *Henry* without this Testimony added to yours; That he was a Man of as Florid a Wit and as Elegant a Pen, as any former (or ours which in that kind is a most excellent) Age hath ever produced.

And now having made this voluntary Observation of our two deceased Friends, I proceed to satisfy your desire concerning what I know and believe of the ever-memorable Mr. *Hooker*; who was *Schismaticorum Malleus*, so great a Champion for the Church of *Englands* Rights against the Factious Torrent of Separatists, that then ran high against Church-Discipline: and in his unanswerable Books continues to be so against the unquiet Disciples of their Schism,

B. 2

which

which now under other Names still carry on their Design; and, who (as the proper Heirs of Irrational Zeal) would again rake into the scarce closed Wounds of a newly bleeding State and Church.

And first, though I dare not say that I knew Mr. *Hooker*; yet, as our Ecclesiastical History reports to the honour of S. *Ignatius*, that he lived in the time of St. *John*, and had seen him in his Childhood; so, I also joy that in my Minority I have often seen Mr. *Hooker* with my Father, who was then Bishop of *London*, from whom, and others, at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the History of his Life, and from my Father received such a Character of his *Learning*, *Humility*, and other Virtues, that like Jewels of unvaluable price, they still cast such a lustre as Envy or the Rust of Time shall never darken.

From my Father I have also heard all the Circumstances of the Plot to defame him; and how Sir *Edwin Sandys* outwitted his Accusers, and gained their Confession; and I could give an account of each particular of that Plot, but that I judge it fitter to be forgotten, and rot in the same grave with the malicious Authors.

I may not omit to declare, that my Fathers Knowledge of Mr. *Hooker* was occasioned by the Learned Dr. *John Spencer*, who after the Death of Mr. *Hooker* was so careful to preserve his unvaluable Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Books



Books of *ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY*, and his other Writings, that he procured *Henry Jackson*, then of *Corpus Christi* Colledge, to transcribe for him all Mr. *Hookers* remaining written Papers, many of which were imperfect, for his Study had been rifled, or worse used, by Mr *Chark*, and another, of Principles too like his: but, these Papers were endeavored to be compleated by his dear friend Dr. *Spencer*, who bequeathed them as a precious Legacy to my Father, after whose Death they rested in my hand, till Dr. *Abbot*, then Archbishop of *Canterbury*, commanded them out of my custody by authorizing Dr. *John Barkham* to require, and bring them to him to his Palace in *Lambeth*; at which time, I have heard, they were put into the Bishops Library, and that they remained there till the Martyrdom of Archbishop *Laud*; and, were then by the Brethren of that Faction given with all the Library to *Hugh Peters*, as a Reward for his remarkable Service in those sad times of the Churches Confusion; and though they could hardly fall into a fouler hand; yet there wanted not other Endeavours to corrupt and make them speak that Language for which the Faction then fought, which, indeed was *To subject the Sovereign Power to the People.*

But I need not strive to vindicate Mr. *Hooker* in this particular, his known Loyalty to his Prince whilst he lived, the Sorrow expressed

by King *James* at his Death, the Value our late Sovereign (of ever-blessed Memory) put upon his Works, and now, the singular Character of his Worth by you given in the passages of his Life, especially in your *Appendix* to it, do sufficiently clear him from that Imputation: and I am glad you mention how much value *Thomas Stapleton*, *Pope Clement* the VIII. and other Eminent men of the Romish Perswasion, have put upon his Books: having been told the same in my Youth by Persons of worth that have travelled *Italy*.

Lastly, I must again congratulate this Undertaking of yours, as now more proper to you than any other person, by reason of your long Knowledge and Alliance to the worthy Family of the *Cranmers*, (my old Friends also) who have been men of noted Wisdom, especially *Mr. George Cranmer*, whose Prudence added to that of *Sir Edwin Sandys*, proved very useful in the Completing of *Mr. Hookers* matchless Books; one of their Letters I herewith send you, to make use of, if you think fit. And let me say further; you merit much from many of *Mr. Hookers* best Friends then living, namely, from the ever renowned Archbishop *Whitgift*, of whose incomparable Worth, with the Character of the Times, you have given us a more short and significant Account than I have received from any other Pen. You have done much for *Sir Henry Savile*, his Contemporary

porary and familiar Friend; amongst the surviving Monuments of whose Learning (give me leave to tell you so) two are omitted, his Edition of *Euclid* but especially his Translation of *King James his Apology for the Oath of Allegiance* into elegant Latine; which flying in that dress as far as *Rome*, was by the Pope and Conclave sent to *Salamanca* unto *Franciscus Suarez*, (then residing there as President of that Colledge) with a Command to answer it. When he had perfected the Work, which he calls *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*, it was transmitted to *Rome* for a view of the Inquisitors; who according to their custom blotted out what they pleased, and (as Mr. *Hooker* hath been used since his Death) added whatsoever might advance the Popes Supremacy, or carry on their own Interest, commonly coupling *Depone-re & Occidere*, the Deposing and Killing of Princes; which cruel and unchristian Language Mr. *John Saltkel*, his *Amanuensis*, when he wrote at *Salamanca*, (but since a Convert, living long in my Fathers house) often professed, the good Old man (whose Piety and Charity Mr. *Saltkel* magnified much) not onely disavowed, but detested. Not to trouble you further; your Reader (if according to your desire, my Approbation of your Work carries any weight) will here find many just Reasons to thank you for it;

( 8 )

and for this Circumstance here mentioned  
(not known to many) may happily apprehend  
one to thank him, who heartily wishes  
your happiness, and is unfaindly,

Chichester;  
Novem. 17.  
1664.

Sir,

*Your ever-faithful and*

*affectionate old Friend*

Henry Chichester.



THE  
L I F E  
OF  
D<sup>r</sup> JOHN DONNE,  
late Dean of S<sup>t</sup> Paul's Church,  
L O N D O N.

---

The Introduction.

**I**F that great Master of Language and Art,  
Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of  
Eaton Colledge, had liv'd to see the Publi-  
cation of these Sermons, he had presented the  
World with the Authors Life exactly written;  
And, 'twas pity he did not; for it was a work wor-  
thy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it:  
betwixt whom, and the Author, there was so mu-  
tual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted  
in their Youth, as nothing but death could force  
a separation. And though their bodies were di-  
vided, their affections were not: for, that learned  
Knight's love followed his Friends fame beyond  
death

death and the forgetful grave; which he testified by intreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concern'd it; not doubting but my knowledge of the Author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful: I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content 'till I had made my Collection ready to be augmented and compleated by his curious Pen: but then, Death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these Sermons were to be printed, and want the Authors Life, which I thought to be very remarkable: Indignation or grief (indeed I know not which) transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken Collections, and resolv'd the World should see the best plain Picture of the Authors Life that my artless Pensil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And, if I shall now be demanded as once Pompey's poor bondman was, " ( The grateful  
 " wretch had been left alone on the Sea-shore,  
 " with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious  
 " lord and master: and, was then gathering the  
 " scatter'd pieces of an old broken boat to make a  
 " funeral pile to burn it (which was the custom  
 " of the Romans; ) who art thou that alone  
 hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the  
 great? so, who I am that do thus officiously set  
 the Authors memorie on fire? I hope the question  
 will prove to have in it more of wonder then disdain;

dain; But wonder indeed the Reader may, that I who profess my self artless should presume with my faint light to shew forth his Life whose very name makes it illustrious! but be this to the disadvantage of the person represented: Certain I am, it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the Authors Picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken: for, he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

And if the Authors glorious spirit, which now is in Heaven, can have the leasure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious dutie, confident I am that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory: for, whilst his Conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his Humility and Gentleness was then eminent; and, I have heard Divines say, those Vertues that were but sparks upon Earth, become great and glorious flames in Heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to intreat the Reader to take notice, that when Doctor Donn's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life; and, I dare not now appear without it,

The

## The Life.



After *John Donne* was born in *London*, of good and vertuous Parents : and, though his own Learning and other multiplyed merits may justly appear sufficient to dignifie both Himself and his Posteritie :

yet, the Reader may be pleased to know, that his Father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very antient Family in *Wales*, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that Countrey.

By his Mother he was descended of the Family of the famous and learned Sir *Tho. Moor*, sometime Lord *Chancellour* of *England*: as also, from that worthy and laborious *Judge Rastall*, who left Posterity the vast Statutes of the Law of this Nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his Fathers house, where a private Tutor had the care of him, until the ninth year of his age; and, in his tenth year was sent to the University of *Oxford*, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latine Tongue. This and some other of his remarkable Abilities, made



made one give this censure of him, *That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula;* of whom Story says, *That he was rather born than made wise by study.*

There he remained in *Hart-Hall*, having for the advancement of his studies Tutors of several Sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning expressed in publick exercises declared him worthy to receive his first degree in the Schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who being for their Religion of the Romish perswasion, were *conscionably* averse to some parts of the Oath that is always tendered at those times; and, not to be refused by those that expect the titular honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from *Oxford* to *Cambridge*; where, that he might receive nourishment from both Soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious Student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age, he was removed to *London*, and then admitted into *Lincolns-Inne*, with an intent to study the *Law*; where he gave great testimonies of his Wit, his Learning, and of his Improvement in that profession: which never served him for  
other

other use than an Ornament and Self-satisfaction.

His Father died before his admission into this Society; and being a Merchant left him his portion in money (it was 3000 l.) His Mother and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him Tutors in the *Mathematicks*, and all the *Liberal Sciences*; to attend him. But with these Arts they were advised to instil particular Principles of the *Romish Church*, of which those Tutors profest (though secretly) themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith; having for their advantage (besides many opportunities) the example of his dear and pious Parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his Preface to his *Pseudo-Martyr*; a Book of which the Reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himself to no Religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And Reason and Piety had both perswaded him that there could be no such sin as Schisme, if an adherence to some visible Church were not necessary.

He did therefore at his entrance into the nineteenth year of his age (though his youth and

and strength then promised him a long life) yet being unresolved in his Religion, he thought it necessary to rectifie all scruples that concerned that: and therefore waving the Law, and betrothing himself to no Art or Profession, that might justly denominate him; he began to survey the Body of Divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the *Reformed* and the *Roman Church*. And as Gods blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him, (they be his own words \*) so he calls the same holy Spirit to witness this Protestation; that, in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself; and, by that which he took to be the safest way; namely, frequent Prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an Inquirer, and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the *Cardinal Bellarmine* to be the best defender of the *Roman cause*, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his Reasons. The Cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own Conscience; he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and before the twentieth year of his age, did shew the then *Dean of Gloucester*. (whose name  
my

\* In his  
Preface to  
Pseudo-  
Martyr.

my memory hath now lost) all the Cardinals works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand; which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a Legacy to a most dear Friend.

The year following he resolved to travel; and the Earl of *Essex* going first the *Cales*, and after the *Island voyages*, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unppy employments.

But he returned not back into *England*, till he had staid some years first in *Italy*, and then in *Spain*, where he made many useful observations of those Countreys, their Laws and manner of Government, and returned perfect in their Languages.

The time that he spent in *Spain* was at his first going into *Italy* designed for travelling the *Holy Land*, and for viewing *Jerusalem* and the Sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of *Italy*, the disappointment of Company, or of a safe Convoy, or the uncertainty of returns for Money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into *England*, that exemplary Pattern of Gravity and Wisdom, the Lord *Elsmore*, then Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellour of *England*, taking  
notice

notice of his Learning, Languages, and other Abilities, and much affecting his Person and Condition, took him to be his chief Secretary; supposing and intending it to be an Introduction to some more weighty Employment in the State; for which, his Lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship in this time of Master *Donne's* attendance upon him, account him to be so much his Servant, as to forget he was his Friend; and to testifie it, did always use him with much courtesie, appointing him a place at his own Table, to which he esteemed his Company and Discourse a great Ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his Friends. During which time he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking, as (with her approbation) increased into a love with a young Gentlewoman that lived in that Family, who was Niece to the Lady *Elsemore*, and daughter to Sir *George Moor*, then Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir *George* had some intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at *Lothefley*, in the County of *Surry*; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so

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interchangeably passed, as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were onely known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence, and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other: but in vain, for, love is a flattering mischief, that hath denyed aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit *Errors* with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an Industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together (I forbear to tell how) and to a marriage too without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a vertuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on those that were unwilling to have it so; but that preapprehensions might make it the less enormous, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could attest it. But to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George, (Doubt often begetting more restless thoughts then the certain knowledge of what we fear) the news was in favour to Mr. *Donne*, and with his allowance,  
made

made known to Sir *George*, by his honorable friend and neighbour *Henry* Earl of *Northumberland*: but it was to Sir *George* so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his Sister the Lady *Elsemere*, to joyn with him to procure her Lord to discharge Mr. *Donne* of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir *George* were remembred, that Errors might be overpunished, and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. And though the Lord Chancellor did not at Mr. *Donnes* dismissal, give him such a Commendation as the great Emperour *Charles* the fifth, did of his Secretary *Eraso*, when he presented him to his Son and Successor *Philip* the Second; saying, *That in his Eraso, he gave to him a greater gift then all his Estate, and all the Kingdomes which he then resigned to him: yet he said, He parted with a Friend, and such a Secretary as was fitter to serve a King then a subject.*

And yet this Physick of Mr. *Donnes* dismissal was not strong enough to purge out all Sir *George*'s choler, for he was not satisfied till Mr. *Donne* and his sometime Compupil

in *Cambridge* that married him, namely, *Samuel Brook* (who was at first Doctor in Divinity, and Master of Trinity Colledge) and his brother *Mr. Christopher Brook*, sometime *Mr. Donnes* Chamber-fellow in *Lincolns Inn*, who gave *Mr. Donne* his Wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed, and to three several prisons.

*Mr. Donne* was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, untill he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his dayes were still cloudy: and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was (to her extreme sorrow) detained from him; and though with *Jacob* he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title to her, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in Law; which proved troublesome and chargeable to him, whose youth, and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with *Sir George*; for these and a general report of *Mr. Donnes* merits, together with his winning behaviour, (which when it would intice,



intice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art) these and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that as the world had approved his Daughters choice, so he also could not but see a more then ordinary merit in his new son: and this at last melted him into so much remorse (for Love and Anger are so like Agues, as to have hot and cold fits; and love in Parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not, till death denies mankind a natural heat) that he labored his Sons restauration to his place; using to that end both his own and his Sisters power to her Lord; but with no success; for his Answer was, *That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit, to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners.*

Sir Georges endeavour for Mr. Donnes readmission, was by all means to be kept secret (for men do more naturally reluct for errors, then submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment.) But however it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled, as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr Donnes estate was the greatest part spent

in many and chargeable Travels, Books and dear-bought Experience: he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, , who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to conferr, and not to receive Courtesies: These and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings surrounded him with many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented by the seasonable courtesie of their noble kinsman Sir *Francis Wolsy* of *Pirford* in *Surrie*, who intreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him for many years; and, as their charge encreased (she had yearly a child) so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that Wealth hath seldom been the Portion, and never the Mark to discover good People; but, that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it (he onely knows why) to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater Blessings of *Knowledge* and *Virtue*, as the fairer Testimonies of his love to Mankind; and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent Erudition and Endowments; whose

whose necessary and daily expences were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares; the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my Pen.

God hath been so good to his Church, as to afford it in every age some such men to serve at his Altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition that is so like to God himself, that it owes it self only to him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his Creatures. These times he did bless with many such; some of which still live to be Patterns of Apostolical Charity, and of more than Humane Patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse; namely, *Dr. Morton*, the most laborious and learned Bishop of *Durham*, one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals, and a cheerful heart at the age of 94 years (and is yet living:) one that in his days of plenty had so large a heart as to use his large Revenue to the encouragement of *Learning* and *Vertue*; and is now (be it spoken with sorrow) reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining; and still shews the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which *to morrow were to care for it self*. I have taken a pleasure in gi-

ving the Reader a short, but true character of this good man, from whom I received this following relation. He sent to Mr. *Donne*, and intreated to borrow an hour of his time for a Conference the next day. After their meeting there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. *Donne* to this purpose; ‘ Mr. *Donne*,  
 “ The occasion of sending for you is to propose  
 “ to you what I have often resolv’d in my own  
 “ thought since I last saw you: which, never-  
 “ theless, I will not do but upon this condition,  
 “ that you shall not return me a present answer,  
 “ but forbear three days, and bestow some part  
 “ of that time in Fasting and Prayer; and after  
 “ a serious consideration of what I shall pro-  
 “ pose, then return to me with your answer.  
 “ Deny me not, Mr. *Donne*, for it is the effect  
 “ of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a  
 “ debt due for yours to me.

This request being granted, the  
 Doctor exprest himself thus :

‘ Mr. *Donne*, I know your Education and  
 ‘ Abilities; I know your expectation of a State-  
 ‘ employment; and I know your fitness for it;  
 ‘ and I know too the many delays and contin-  
 ‘ gencies that attend Court-promises; and let  
 ‘ me tell you, my love begot by our long friend-  
 ‘ ship, our familiarity and your merits hath  
 ‘ prompted me to such an inquisition of your  
 ‘ present

' present temporal estate, as makes me no  
 ' stranger to your necessities, which are such as  
 ' your generous spirit could not bear, if it were  
 ' not supported with a pious Patience : you  
 ' know I have formerly perswaded you to wave  
 ' your Court-hopes, and enter into ho'y Or-  
 ' ders, which I now again perswade you to  
 ' embrace, with this reason added to my for-  
 ' mer request: The King hath yesterday made  
 ' me Dean of *Gloucester*, and I am possessed of a  
 ' Benefice, the profits of which are equal to  
 ' those of my Dean-y; I will think my Dean-  
 ' ry enough for my maintenance (who am and  
 ' resolve to die a single man) and will quit my  
 ' Benefice, and estate you in it, (which the  
 ' Patron is willing I shal do) if God shall in-  
 ' cline your heart to embrace this motion.  
 ' Remember, Mr. *Donne*, no mans Education or  
 ' Parts make him too good for this employ-  
 ' ment, *which is to be an Ambassadour for the*  
 ' *God of glorie, who by a vile death opened the*  
 ' *gates of life to mankind.* Make me no present  
 ' answer, but remember your promise, and re-  
 ' turn to me the third day with your Resolu-  
 ' tion.

At the hearing of this, Mr. *Donne's* faint  
 breath and perplext countenance gave a visible  
 testimony of an inward conflict; but he per-  
 formed his promise and departed without re-  
 turning an answer till the third day, and then  
 it was to this effect;

“ My

“ My most worthy and most dear friend,  
 “ since I saw you I have been faithful to my  
 “ promise, and have also meditated much of  
 “ your great kindness, which hath been such as  
 “ would exceed even my gratitude; but that  
 “ it cannot co; and more I cannot return you;  
 “ and I do that with an heart full of Humility  
 “ and Thanks, though I may not accept of  
 “ your offer; but, Sir, my refusal is not for  
 “ that I think my self too good for that calling,  
 “ for which Kings, if they think so, are not  
 “ good enough: nor for that my Education  
 “ and Learning, though not eminent, may not,  
 “ being assisted with God's Grace and Humili-  
 “ ty, render me in some measure fit for it: but,  
 “ I dare make so dear a friend as you are my  
 “ Confessor; some irregularities of my life  
 “ have been so visible to some men, that  
 “ though I have, I thank God, made my peace  
 “ with him by penitential resolutions against  
 “ them, and by the assistance of his Grace ba-  
 “ nish'd them my affections; yet this, which  
 “ God knows to be so, is not so visible to man,  
 “ as to free me from their censures, and it may  
 “ be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And  
 “ besides, whereas it is determined by the best  
 “ of *Casuits*, that *God's Glory should be the first*  
 “ *end, and a maintenance the second motive to*  
 “ *embrace that calling*; and though each man  
 “ may propose to himself both together; yet  
 “ the first may not be put last without a viola-  
 tion

"tion of Conscience, which he that searches  
 "the heart will judge. And truly my present  
 "condition is such, that if I ask my own Con-  
 "science, whether it be reconcileable to that  
 "rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it,  
 "that I can neither give my self nor you an an-  
 "swer. You know, Sir, who sayes, *Happy is*  
 "*that man whose Conscience doth not accuse him*  
 "*for that thing which he does.* To these I might  
 "adde other reasons that dissuade me; but I  
 "crave your favour that I may forbear to ex-  
 "press them, and thankfully decline your  
 "offer.

This was his present resolution, but the heart  
 of man is not in his own keeping; and he was  
 destined to this sacred service by an higher  
 hand; a hand so powerful, as at last forced him  
 to a compliance: of which I shall give the  
 Reader an account before I shall give a rest to  
 my Pen.

Mr. *Donne* and his wife continued with Sir  
*Francis Wolley* till his death: a little before  
 which time, Sir *Francis* was so happy as to  
 make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir  
*George* and his forsaken son and daughter; Sir  
*George* conditioning by bond, to pay to Mr.  
*Donne* 800 l. at a certain day, as a portion  
 with his wife, or 20 l. quarterly for their  
 maintenance: as the interest for it, till the  
 said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir  
*Francis,*

*Francis*, he studied the *Civil* and *Cannon Laws*; in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir *Francis* being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. *Donne* took for himself an house in *Micham* (near to *Croydon* in *Surrey*) a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and children remained: and for himself he took lodgings in *London*, near to *White-Hall*, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited by many of the Nobility and others of this Nation, who used him in their Counsels of greatest consideration.

Nor did our own Nobility onely value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most Ambassadors of foreign Nations, and by many other strangers. whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this Nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in *London*, but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at *Micham*, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him: for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the better now judge of the then present Condition of his minde and fortune, I shall present you



you with an extract collected out of some few of his many Letters.

— And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last weeks letter, was, because it found me under too great a sadness; and at present 'tis thus with me: There is not one person, but my self, well of my family: I have already lost half a Child, and with that mischance of hers, my wife is fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her children stupifies her: of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill provided for Physick, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perforce even that: but I flatter my self with this hope, that I am dying too: for, I cannot waste faster then by such griefs. As for, —

From my hospital  
at Micham,

Aug. 10.

JOHN DONNE.

Thus he did bemoan himself: And thus in other letters.

— For, we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good, and no accusing act; with this or the former, I have often suspected my self to be overtaken; which is, with an  
over

over earnest desire of the next life: and though I know it is not nearly a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes then I now doe: yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it: 'tis now Spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither: I grow older and not better; my strength diminisheth and my load grows heavier; and yet, I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness, for, to chuse is to do, but to be no part of my body, is as to be nothing, and so I am, and shall so judge my self, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account, I began early when I understood the study of our Laws: but was diverted by leaving that and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptique immoderate desire of humane learning and languages: Beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes; but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation: which I thought I entered well into it, when I subjected my self to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities: and there I stumbled, and fell too: and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters, — I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But, Sir, though

though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a Sicknesse or a Disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it nor life; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me: Sir, your own Soul cannot be more zealous of your good then I am, and, God who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it: you would pity me now, if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my Prayers with mine own weary soul, and, Commend my self to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side: but, If I do continue longer thus, I shall have Comfort in this, That my blessed Saviour is exercising his Justice upon my two worldly parts, my Fortune and my Body, reserves all his Mercy for that which most needs it, my Soule: that is, I doubt, too like a Porter, which is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my lothness to give over writing now, seems to my self a sign that I shall write no more —

Your poor friend, and  
Gods poor patient

Sept. 7.

**JOHN DONNE.**

By

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous minde, and thus it continued with him for about two years; all which time his family remained constantly at *Micham*, and to which place he often retir'd himself, and destined some dayes to a constant study of some points of Controversy betwixt the *English* and *Roman Church*; and especially those of *Supremacy* and *Allegiance*: and, to that place and such studies he could willingly have wedded himself during his life; but the earnest perswasion of friends became at last to be so powerful as to cause the removal of himself and family to *London*, where Sir *Robert Drewry*, a Gentleman of very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, affigied him a very choice and useful house rent-free, next to his own in *Drewry-lane*; and was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrows.

Many of the Nobility were watchful and solicitous to the King for some secular preferment for him: His Majesty had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a State-employment, being alwayes much pleased when Mr. *Donne* attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly debates or disputes of Religion betwixt

twixt his Majesty and those Divines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times: particularly the Dean of the Chappel; who then was Bishop *Montague*) the publisher of the learned and eloquent Works of his Majesty) and the most reverend Doctor *Andrews*, the late learned Bishop of *Winchester*, who then was the Kings Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the *Oath of Supremacy* and *Allegiance*, in which the King had appeared and engaged himself by his publick writings now extant: and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. *Donne* concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those Oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the Questions, and his Answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the Arguments into a method, and then write his Answers to them: and having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger and bring them to him. To this he presently applyed himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed, the Book bearing the name of *Pseudo-martyr*.

When the King had read and considered that Book, he perswaded Mr. *Donne* to enter into the Ministry; to which at that time he was, and appeared very unwilling, apprehending

D it

it (such was his mistaking modesty) to be too weighty for his Abilities; and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him, to which his Education had apted him, and particularly the Earl of *Somerset*, when in his height of favour; who being then at *Thobalds* with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, and the Earl having sent for Mr. *Donne* to come to him immediately, said, Mr. *Donne*, *To testifie the reality of my Affection, and my purpose to preferre you, Stay in this Gardentill I go up to the King and bring you word that you are Clark of the Council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and will not deny me.* But the King gave a positive denyal to all requests; and having a discerning spirit, replied, *I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned Divine; and will prove a powerful Preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that way.* After that time, as he professeth, \* *The King descended to a perswasion, almost to a solicitation of him to enter into sacred Orders:* which though he then denyed not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applyed himself to an incessant study of Textual Divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned Languages, *Greek and Hebrew.*

\* In his  
Book of  
Devoti-  
on.

In the first and most blessed times of Chri-  
stia-

stianity, when the Clergy were look'd upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of Vertue, by a blessed Patience and long Suffering: those onely were then judged worthy the Ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of *humility*, and *labour* and *care*, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such onely were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned because forwardness and inconsideration, could not in Mr. *Donne*, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required in such as enter into sacred Orders; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with *St. Paul*, *Lord, who is sufficient for these things?* and, with meek *Moses*, *Lord, who am I?* And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not put his hand to that holy plough. But, God who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the *Angel* did with *Jacob*, and marked him; mark'd him for his own; mark'd him with a blessing; a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly

asked God with *Moses, Who am I ?* So now being inspired with an apprehension of Gods particular mercy to him, in the Kings and others solicitations of him, he came to ask *King Davids* thankful question, *Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me ?* So mindful of me, as to lead me for more then forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations, and various turnings of a dangerous life : so merciful to me, as to move the learned'st of Kings, to descend to move me to serve at thy Altar : so merciful to me, as at last, to move my heart to imbrace this holy motion: thy motions I will and do imbrace: And, I now say with the blessed Virgin, *Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight:* and so, *blessed Jesus*, I do take the cup of Salvation, and will call upon thy Name, and will preach thy Gospel.

Such strifes as these *St. Austine* had, when *St. Ambrose* indeavoured his conversion to Christianity, with which he confesseth, he acquainted his friend *Alipius*. Our learned Author, (a man fit to write after no mean Copy) did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend *Dr. King* then *Bishop of London*, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to *Mr. Donnes* abilities. (For he had been Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, at the time of *Mr. Donnes* being his Lordships Secretary) That Reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy,



oy, and a perswasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him both *Deacon* and *Priest*.

Now the *English Church* had gain'd a second *St. Austine*, for, I think, none was so like him before his Conversion: none so like *St. Ambrose* after it: and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentrated in Divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new imployment for his wit and eloquence. Now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love; and all the faculties of his own soul were ingaged in the Conversion of others: In preaching the glad tidings of Remission to repenting Sinners; and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applyed himself with all care and diligence; and now, such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, *Oh how amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!* Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing. And that, he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God, then he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal imployments.

Presently after he entred into his holy profession, the King sent for him, and made him

him his Chaplain in ordinary; and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with Scholars, and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent Auditory, yet his modesty in this imployment was such, that he could not be perswaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village, not far from *London*: his first Sermon being preached at *Paddington*. This he did, till His Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at *White-hall*, and, though much were expected from him, both by His Majesty and others, yet he was so happy (which few are) as to surpass and exceed their expectations: preaching the Word so, as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts, and joyes that he labored to distill into others: A Preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his Auditory, sometimes with them: alwayes preaching to himself, like an Angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as *St. Paul* was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and inticing others by a sacred Art and Courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a vertue so, as to make it be beloved even by those that lov'd it not; and, all this with a most particular

ticular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think (such indeed as have not heard him) that my affection to my Friend, hath transported me to an immoderate Commendation of his Preaching. If this meets with any such, Let me intreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say, it being attested by a Gentleman of worth, (Mr. *Chidley*, a frequent hearer of his Sermons) being part of a funeral Elogie writ by him on Doctor *Donne*, and a known truth, though it be in Verse.

— *Each Altar had his fire* —

*He kept his love, but not his object: wit,  
He did not banish, but transplanted it;  
Taught it both time & place, and brought it home:  
To Piety, which it doth best become.  
For say, had ever pleasure such a dress?  
Have you seen crimes so shap't, or loveliness  
Such as his lips did clothe Religion in?  
Had not reproof a beauty, passing sin?  
Corrupted nature sorrowed that she stood  
So near the danger of becoming good.  
And, when he preach't she wish't her ears exempt  
From Piety, that had such pow'r to tempt.  
How did his sacred flattery beguile  
Men to amend? —*

More

More of this, and more witnesses might be brought, but I forbear and return.

That Summer, in the very same moneth in which he entred into sacred Orders, and was made the *Kings Chaplain*, His Majesty then going his Progress, was intreated to receive an entertainment in the University of *Cambridge*. And Mr. *Donne* attending his Majesty, at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made *Doctor* in *Divinity*; *Doctor Harsnet* (after Archbishop of *York*) was then *Vice-Chancellour*, who knowing him to be the Author of that learned Book the *Pseudo-Martyr*, required no other proof of his Abilities, but proposed it to the *University*, who presently assented, and exprest a gladness, that they had such an occasion to intitle him to be theirs.

His Abilities and Industry in his Profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by Persons of Quality, that within the first year of his entring into sacred Orders, he had fourteen Advowsons of several Benefices presented to him: But they were in the Country, and he could not leave his beloved *London*, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his Birth and Education in it, and, there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplyed the joyes of his life: But, an employment that might affixe him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it,

Im-

Immediately after his return from *Cambridge*, his wife died, leaving him a man of an unsettled estate, and (having buried five) the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joyes in his most dear and deserving wives grave; betaking himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became *crucified to the world*, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures that are dayly acted on that restless stage; and, they crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think (being passions may be both changed and heightned by accidents) but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, the Companion of his youth; her, with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as Common-people are not capable of; She, being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did: for, now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart, as to leave no place for joy: If it did, It was a joy to be alone, where like a *Pelican in the*

*the wilderness*, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like *Job* in the days of his affliction, *Oh that I might have the desire of my heart ! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for !* For then, *as the grave is become her house*, so I would hasten to make it mine also; *that we two might there make our beds together in the dark.* Thus as the *Israelites* sate mourning by the rivers of *Babylon*, when they remembered *Sion*; so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: Thus he began the day, and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in *Lamentations*. And, thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and *St. Pauls* *Wo is me, if I preach not the Gospel*: disper'st those sad clouds that had now benighted his hopes, and forc'd him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach, where his beloved wife lay buried (in *St Clements* Church, near *Temple-Bar London*) and his Text was a part of the Prophet *Jeremy's* Lamentation: *Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction.*

And indeed, his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, express'd in his Sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness; and so they left the

Con-

Congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with no diversions, but with fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and, a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave Benchers of *Lincolns Inne*, once the friends of his youth, to accept of their Lecture, which by reason of Dr. *Gatakers* removal from thence was then void: of which he accepted; being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a *Saul*, though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practise of it: there to become a *Paul*, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a *Shining light* among his old friends: now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it; now he might say as *St Paul* adviseth his *Corinthians*, *Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as yee have me for an example*; not the example of a busie-body; but, of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble society was expressed to him many wayes: for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him, with

with all necessities, other courtesies were daily added; indeed so many and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits; and, in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperour of *Germany* died, and the Palgrave, who had lately married the Lady *Elizabeth* the Kings onely daughter, was elected and crowned King of *Bohemia*, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that Nation.

King *James*, whose Motto (*Beati pacifici*) did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose the discords of that discomposed State; and amongst other his endeavours did then send the Lord *Hay* Earl of *Doncaster* his Ambassadour to those unsetled Princes; and by a special command from his Majesty Dr *Donne* was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the Union: for which the Earl was most glad, who had alwayes put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse: and his friends of *Lincolns Inne* were as glad, for, they feared that his immoderate study and sadness for his wives death, would, as *Jacob* said, *make his dales few*, and respecting his bodily health, *evil* too: and of this there were some visible signs.

At



At his going he left his friends of *Lincolns-Inne*, and they him with many reluctations : for, though he could not say as *S. Paul* to his *Ephesians*, *Behold you to whom I have preached the Kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more* ; yet, he believing himself to be in a Consumption, questioned, and they feared it : all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body : And God turned it to the best ; for this employment ( to say nothing of the event of it ) did not onely divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured Mistress the Qu. of *Bohemia*, in a forraign Nation ; and, to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him : Who, having formerly known him a Courtier, was much joyed to see him in a Canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful Preaching.

About fourteen moneths after his departure out of *England*, he returned to his friends of *Lincolns-Inne* with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved ; and there betook himself to his constant course of Preaching.

About a year after his return out of *Germany*, *Dr. Cary* was made Bishop of *Exeter*, and by his removal the Deanry of *St. Pauls* being vacant

cant, the King sent to Dr. *Donne*, and appointed him to attend him at Dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sate down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, *Dr. Donne, I have invited you to Dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do, therefore make you Dean of Pauls; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to your self, and much good may it do you.*

Immediately after he came to his Deanry, he employed work-men to repair and beautifie the Chappel; suffering, as holy *David* once vowed, *his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God.*

The next quarter following, when his Father-in-law Sir *George Moor*, (whom Time had made a lover and admirer of him,) came to pay to him the conditioned summe of twenty pounds; he refused to receive it, and said (as good *Jacob* did, when he heard his beloved son *Joseph* was alive, *It is enough,*) You have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound: and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his  
Deanry

Deanry, the Vicarage of *St. Dunstan* in the West, *London*, fell to him by the death of *Dr. White*, the Advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend, *Richard* Earl of *Dorset*, then the Patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased *Edward*, both of them men of much honour.

By these and another Ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of *Kent*, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his Profession and Quality.

The next *Parliament*, which was within that present year, he was chosen *Prolocutor* to the *Convocation*; and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious Master, to preach very many occasional Sermons, as at *St. Paul's Cross*, and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the Representative Body of the whole Clergy of this Nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the Kings displeasure ; and , it was about this time ; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that *Dr. Donne* had put on the general humour of the *Pulpits*, and was become busie in insinuating  
a fear

a fear of the Kings inclining to *Poper*y, and a dislike of his Government: and particularly, for his then turning the Evening Lectures into *Catechising*, and expounding the *Prayer* of our Lord, and of the *Belief*, and *Commandments*. His Majesty was the more inclineable to believe this, for that a Person of Nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. *Donne*, there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the Court (I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion) and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this Nation think they are not wise, unless they be busie about what they understand not: and especially about Religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the Sun to set and leave him under this doubt; but sent for Dr. *Donne*, and required his answer to the Accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said *he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion*. When the King had said this, Doctor *Donne* kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion, and therefore *desired that he might not rise, till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion*. Then the King raised him from his knees with his

his own hands, and protested he believ'd him: and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he lov'd him truly. And, having thus dismissed him, he called some Lords of his Council into his Chamber, and said with much earnestness, *My Doctor is an honest man: and my Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer then he hath now made me: and I always rejoyce when I think that by my means he became a Divine.*

He was made Dean the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a Consumption. But God, as *Job* thankfully acknowledged, *preserved his spirit*, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect, as when that sickness first seized his body: but it continued long and threatned him with death; which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend Doctor *Henry King* (then chief Residenciary of that Church, and late Bishop of *Chichester*) a man generally known by the Clergy of this Nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendred his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him, to this purpose.

‘*Mr. Dean, I am by your favour no stranger to your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the Offer lately made us, for*  
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'the renewing a Lease of the best Prebends  
 'Corps belonging to our Church; and you  
 'know, 'twas denied, for that our Tenant be-  
 'ing very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate  
 'as held not proportion with his advantages:  
 'but I will either raise him to an higher summe,  
 'or procure that the other Residenciaries shall  
 'joyn to accept of what was offered: one of  
 'these I can and will by your favour do without  
 'delay, and without any trouble either to your  
 'body or mind; I beseech you to accept of my  
 'offer, for I know it will be a considerable addi-  
 'tion to your present estate, which I know  
 'needs it.

To this, after a short pause, and raising him-  
 self upon his bed, he made this reply.

'My most dear friend, I most humbly thank  
 'you for your many favours, and this in particu-  
 'lar: But, in my present condition, I shall not  
 'accept of your proposal; for doubtless there  
 'is such a Sin as *Sacrilege*; if there were not,  
 'it could not have a name in Scripture: And  
 'the Primitive Clergy were watchful against  
 'all appearances of that evil; and indeed then  
 'all Christians lookt upon it with horreur and  
 'detestation: Judging it to be even an *open de-  
 'fiance of the Power and Providence of Almighty  
 'God, and a sad presage of a declining Religion.*  
 'But in stead of such Christians, who had se-  
 'lected times set apart to fast and pray to God,  
 'for a pious Clergy which they then did obey;

'Our

' Our times abound with men that are busie  
 ' and litigious about trifles and Church-Cere-  
 ' monies; and yet so far from scrupling *Sacri-*  
 ' *ledge*, that they make not so much as a *quare*  
 ' what it is: But, I thank God I have; and,  
 ' dare not now upon my sick-bed, when Al-  
 ' mighty God hath made me useless to the ser-  
 ' vice of the Church, make any advantages out  
 ' of it. But, if he shall again restore me to such  
 ' a degree of health, as again to serve at his  
 ' *Altar*, I shall then gladly take the reward  
 ' which the bountiful Benefactors of this  
 ' Church have designed me; for God knows  
 ' my Children and Relations will need it. In  
 ' which number my Mother (whose Credulity  
 ' and Charity has contracted a very plentiful to  
 ' a very narrow estate) must not be forgotten:  
 ' But Doctor *King*, if I recover not, that little  
 ' worldly estate that I shall leave behind me,  
 ' (that very little, when divided into eight parts,)  
 ' must, if you deny me not so Charitable a fa-  
 ' vour, fall into your hands as my most *faith-*  
 ' *ful friend* and Executor; of whose Care and  
 ' Justice, I make no more doubt then of Gods  
 ' blessing on that which I have conscientiously  
 ' collected for them; but it shall not be aug-  
 ' mented on my sick-bed; and, this I declare  
 ' to be my unalterable resolution.

The reply to this was only a promise to ob-  
serve his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated;

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and

and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent Book of *Devotions*, which he published at his Recovery. In which the Reader may see, the most secret thoughts that then possess his Soul, Paraphrased and made publick: a book that may not unfitly be called a *Sacred picture of Spiritual Extasies*, occasioned and applyable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book being a composition of *Meditations, Disquisitions and Prayers*, he writ on his sick-bed, herein imitating the Holy Patriarchs, who were wont to build their Altars in that place, where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural: But that God that then restored his health continued it to him, till the fifty-ninth year of his life. And then in *August 1630.* being with his eldest Daughter *Mrs. Harvy* at *Abury hatch* in *Essex*, he there fell into a fever, which with the help of his constant infirmity (vapors from the spleen) hastened him into so visible a Consumption, that his beholders might say, as *St Paul* of himself, *He dies dayly*; and he might say with *Job*, *My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the dayes of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me.*

Ra-



*Reader, This sickness continued long, not onely weakning but wearying him so much, that my desire is, he may now take some rest: and that before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me, upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unsfitly exercise thy consideration.*

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error which though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain Paradoxes, yet, he was very far from justifying it: and though his wives Competent years, and other reasons might be justly urged to moderate severe Censures; yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with an heavy Repentance, if God had not blest them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly then the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The Recreations of his youth were *Poetry*, in which he was so happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made onely to exercise his sharp wit, and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously Composed and carelessly scattered (most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear by

his choice Metaphors, that both *Nature* and all the *Arts* joyned to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces too loosely scattered in his youth, he wish't they had been abortive, or so short liv'd that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals: But, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly Poetry as to forsake that: no not in his declining age; witnessed then by many Divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious Composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly *Hymne*, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul in the Assurance of Gods favour to him.

### An Hymne to God the Father.

**W**ilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
Which was my sin, though it were done before;  
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
And do run still though still I do deplore?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done?  
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have wonne  
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?

When

*When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.*

*I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore :  
But swear by thy self, that at my death thy Son  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;  
And having done that thou hast done,  
I fear no more.*

I have the rather mentioned this *Hymne*, for that he caus'd it to be set to a most grave and solemn Tune, and to be often sung to the *Organ* by the *Choristers* of *St. Pauls Church*, in his own hearing, especially at the Evening Service; and at his return from his Customary Devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, *The words of this Hymne have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possess my Soul in my sickness when I composed it. And, O the power of Church-musick! that Harmony added to it has raised the Affections of my heart, and quickned my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe, that I alwayes return from paying this publick duty of Prayer and Praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world.*

After this manner did the Disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those Ages of the Church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader

of St. *Augustines* life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and prophaned and ruin'd their *Sanctuaries*, and because their *Publick Hymns* and *Lauds* were lost out of their Churches. And after this manner have many devout Souls lifted up their hands and offered acceptable Sacrifices unto Almighty God where Dr. *Donne* offered his.

But now, oh Lord — 1656.

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the Body of Christ extended upon an Anchor, like those which Painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the Cross: his, varying no otherwise then to affix him to an Anchor (the Emblem of hope) this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be ingraven very small in *Heliotropian* Stones, and set in gold, and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends to be used as *Scales*, or *Rings*, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir *Henry Goolier*, and Sir *Robert Drenry*, could not be of that number; Nor could the Lady *Magdalen Herbert*, the mother of *George Herbert*, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the

the grave before him: But Sir *Henry Wootton*, and Dr. *Hall* the then late deceased Bishop of *Norwich* were; and, so were Dr. *Duppa* Bishop of *Salisbury*, and Dr. *Henry King* Bishop of *Chichester*, (lately deceased) men in whom there was such a Commixture of general Learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility, that they deserve a Commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none hath exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety Mr. *George Herbert* may not; I mean that *George Herbert*, who was the Author of the *Temple* or *Sacred Poems and Ejaculations*. (A Book, in which by declaring his own spiritual Conflicts he hath Comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed Soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts: A Book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the Author, the Reader may attain habits of *Peace* and *Piety*, and all the gifts of the *Holy Ghost* and *Heaven*: and may by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the Altar of so pure an heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixt upon things that are above;) betwixt him and Dr. *Donne* there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a Sympathy of inclinations, that they covered and joy.

joyed to be in each others Company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred inearments; of which, that which followeth may be some Testimony.

To Mr. George Herbert, sent him with one of my Seales of the *Anchor and Christ*. (A sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, which is the Crest of our poor Family.)

*Qui prius assuetus serpeatum falce tabellas  
Signare, hac nostra Symbola parva domus  
Adscitus domui domini. —*

*Adopted in Gods family, and so  
My old Coat lost into new Arms I go.  
The Cross my seal in Baptism, spread below,  
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.  
Crosses grow Anchors, bear as thou should'st do  
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.  
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus  
Is Christ; who there is crucified for us.  
Yet with this I may my first Serpents hold:  
(God gives new blessings, & yet leaves the old)  
The Serpent may as wise my pattern be;  
My poyson, as he feeds on dust, that's me.  
And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure  
He is my death; but on the Cross my cure!  
Crucifie nature then; and then implore  
All grace from him, crucify'd there before!  
When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,  
This seales a Catechism, not a seal alone.*

*Under*

*Under that little seal great gifts I send,  
 Both works & prayers, pawns & fruits of a friend,  
 Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,  
 To you that bear his name large bounty deal.*

J. Donne.

## In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris Geo. Herbert.

Quod Crux nequibat fixa clavique additi,  
 Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet  
 Tuive Christum——

*Although the Cross could not Christ here detain,  
 When nail'd unto't, but he ascends again:  
 Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,  
 But only whilst thou speak'st; this Anchor will  
 Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to  
 This certain Anchor add a seal, and so  
 The water and the earth, both unto thee  
 Do owe the Symbole of their certainty.  
 Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,  
 This Holy Cable's from all storms secure.*

G. Herbert.

I return to tell the Reader, that besides these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert, and that Hymne that I mentioned to be sung in the Quire of St Pauls Church; he did also shorten and

and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred Ditties; and he writ an Hymn on his death-bed, which bears this title.

An Hymn to God, my God,  
in my sickness, March 23.

1630.

*Since I am coming to that holy room,  
Where, with thy quire of Saints for ever more  
I shall be made thy musique, as I come  
I tune my Instrument here at the dore,  
And, what I must do then, think here before.*

*Since my Physitians by their loves are grown  
Cosmographers! and I their map, who lye  
Flat on this bed —————*

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*So, in his purple wrapt, receive me, Lord!  
By these, his thorns, give me his other Crown:  
And, as to other souls I preach'd thy Word,  
Be this my text: my Sermon to mine own.  
That, he may raise; therefore, the Lord throws down.*

If these fall under the censure of a soul,  
whose too much mixture with earth makes it  
unfit to judge of these high raptures and illumina-  
tions



nations; let him know that many holy and devout men have thought the Soul of *Prudentius* to be most refined, when not many dayes before his death *he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song*; justified by the example of King *David* and the good King *Hezekias*, who upon the renovation of his years paid his thankful vowes to Almighty God in a *royal Hymn*, which he concludes in these words, *The Lord was ready to save, therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the dayes of my life in the temple of my God.*

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftner, so after his Sermon he never gave his eyes rest, till he had chosen out a new Text, and that night cast his Sermon into a form, and his Text into divisions; and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his weeks meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts; and would say, that *he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and chearfulness.*

Nor was his age onely so industrious, but in the

the most unsetled dayes of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning: and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten. All which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it: and if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours: some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the resultance of 1400. Authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand; he left also sixscore of his Sermons, all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious Treatise concerning *self-murther*, called *Biathanatos*; wherein all the Laws violated by that Act are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured: a Treatise written in his younger dayes, which alone might declare him then not onely perfect in the *Civil* and *Canon Law*, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great Clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these onely found in his study; but all businesses that past of any publick consequence, either in this, or any of our neighbour nations, he abbreviated either in Latine, or in the Language of that Nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers Letters and cases of Conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations

various and solutions of them ; and, divers other busineses of importance ; all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damp'd or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprized by a sudden apprehension of death : but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father by making his childrens portions equal ; and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with Legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them ; for, methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place ; as namely, to his Brother-in-law Sir *Th. Grimes*, he gave that striking Clock which he had long worn in his pocket—to his dear friend and Executor Dr. *King* (late Bishop of *Chichester*) that model of gold of the Synod of *Dort*, with which the States presented him at his last being at the *Hague*—and the two Pictures of *Padre Paulo* and *Fulgentio*, men of his acquaintance when he travelled *Italy*, and of great note in that Nation for their remarkable learning.—To his ancient friend Dr. *Brook*, (that married him) Master of *Trinity Colledge* in *Cambridge*, he gave the Picture of the blessed Virgin and *Joseph*.—To Dr. *Winniff* (who succeeded him in the Deanry) he gave a Picture called the *Skeleton*.—To the succeeding Dean,

Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house; and also several Pictures and Ornaments for the Chappel, with a desire that they might be registred, and remain as a Legacy to his Successors. — To the Earls of *Dorset* and of *Carlile*, he gave several Pictures, and so he did to many other friends; Legacies, given rather to express his affection, than to make any addition to their Estates: but unto the Poor he was full of Charity, and unto many others, who by his constant and long continued bounty might intitle themselves to be his Alms-people; for all these he made provision, and so largely, as having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his Estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the Reader may think I trespass upon his patience: but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his Will.

*In the Name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England Priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding (praised be God therefore) do hereby make my last Will and Testament in manner and form following:*

*First, I give my gracious God an intire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit im-*  
prints

*prints in me now of the salvation of the one, and the Resurrection of the other; and for that constant and chearful resolution which the same Spirit hath establisht in me to live and dye in the Religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that Resurrection, I desire my body may be buried (in the most private manner that may be) in that place of St. Pauls Church London, that the now Residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c. And this my last Will and Testament, made in the fear of God (whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly relie upon in Jesus Christ) and in perfect love and charity with all the world (whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants, to the highest of my Superiors) written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.*

Sealed Decem. 13. 1630.

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of Charity expressed onely at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous; he was inquisitive after the wants of Prisoners, and redeemed many from thence that lay for their Fees or small Debts; he was a continual Giver to poor Scholars, both of this and foreign Nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a Servant, or

a discreet and trusty Friend, to distribute his Charity to all the Prisons in *London* at all the Festival times of the year, especially at the *Birth* and *Resurrection* of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old Friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelesness became decayed in his Estate: and, when the receiving of it was denied, by the Gentlemans saying, *He wanted not*; for as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather than those blushes that attend the confession of it; so there be others to whom Nature and Grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the Distresses of Mankind; which I have mentioned because of Dr. Donne's Reply, whose Answer was, *I know you want not what will sustain nature, for a little will do that; but my desire is, that you who in the dayes of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own*: and so it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the Families of his Friends and Kindred, (which he never undertook faintly; for such undertakings have usually faint effects;) and they had such a faith in his judgement and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was even to her death a  
most

most dutiful Son to his Mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who having sucked in the Religion of the *Roman Church* with her Mothers Milk, spent her Estate in foreign Countreys, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three Moneths before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a Steward he was of his Lord and Masters Revenue, I have thought fit to let the Reader know, that after his entrance into his Deane-ry, as he numbred his years, he (at the foot of a private account (to which God and his Angels were only witnessses with him) computed first his Revenue, then what was given to the Poor, and other Pious Uses: and lastly, what rested for him and his; he then blest each years poor remainder with a thankful Prayer; which, for that they discover a more than common Devotion, the Reader shall partake some of them in his own words:

So all is that remains }  
this year

*Deo Opt. Max. benigno  
Largitori, à me, & ab iis  
Quibus hac à me reservantur,  
Gloria & gratia in aeternum.  
Amen.*

F 2

So,

So, that this year, God hath }  
blessed me and mine with }

*Multiplicate sunt super  
Nos misericordie tuae  
Domine. — — — —*

*Da Domine, ut quae ex immensa  
Bonitate tua nobis elargiri  
Dignatus sis, in quorumcunque  
Manus devenerint, in tuam  
Semper cedant gloriam.*

*Amen.*

*In fine horum sex Annorum manet — — —*

*Quid habeo quod non accepi à Domino?  
Largitur etiam ut quae largitus est  
Sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut  
Quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi,  
Nec loci in quo me posuit, dignitati, nec  
Servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni  
Curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse;  
Ita & liberi, quibus quae supersunt,  
Supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant,  
Et beneficium authorem recognescant.*

*Amen.*

*But I return from my long Digression.*

We left the Author sick in *Essex*, where he  
was forced to spend much of that Winter, by  
reason



reason of his disability to remove from that place: And having never for almost twenty years omitted his personal attendance on His Majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him; nor, having ever been left out of the Roll and number of Lent-Preachers; and there being then (in *January 1630.*) a report brought to *London*, or raised there, that *Dr. Donne* was dead: That report, gave him occasion to write this following Letter to a dear friend:

*Sir,*

“ This advantage you and my other friends  
 “ have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much  
 “ the oftner at the gates of Heaven; and this  
 “ advantage by the solitude and close imprison-  
 “ ment that they reduce me to after, that I am  
 “ so much the oftner at my prayers, in which I  
 “ shall never leave out your happiness; and I  
 “ doubt not among his other blessings, God  
 “ will add some one to you for my prayers. A  
 “ man would almost be content to dye (if there  
 “ were no other benefit in death) to hear of so  
 “ much sorrow, and so much good testimony  
 “ from good men as I (God be blessed for it)  
 “ did upon the report of my death; yet I per-  
 “ ceive it went not through all, for one writ to  
 “ me that some (and he said of my friends)  
 “ conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but  
 “ withdrew my self to live at ease, discharged

" of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and God  
 " knows an ill-grounded interpretation; for I  
 " have alwayes been sorrier when I could not  
 " preach, than any could be they could not hear  
 " me. It hath been my desire, and God may be  
 " pleased to grant it, that I might dye in the  
 " Pulpit; if not that, yet, that I might take  
 " my death in the Pulpit, that is, dye the soon-  
 " er by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope  
 " to see you presently after *Candlemas*, about  
 " which time will fall my *Lent-Sermon at Court*,  
 " except my *Lord Chamberlain* believeme to be  
 " dead, and so leave me out of the Roll; but as  
 " long as I live, and am not speechless, I would  
 " not willingly decline that service. I have bet-  
 " ter leisure to write, than you to read; yet I  
 " would not willingly oppress you with too  
 " much Letter. God bless you and your Son as  
 " I wish,

*Your poor friend and servant*

*in Christ Jesus,*

J. Donne:

Before that month ended, he was appointed  
 to preach upon his old constant day, the first  
*Friday in Lent*; he had notice of it, and had in  
 his sickness so prepared for that imployment,  
 that as he had long thirsted for it: so, he resol-  
 ved his weakness should not hinder his journey;  
 he came therefore to *London*, some few dayes  
 before his appointed day of preaching. At his  
 coming

coming thither, many of his friends (who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him onely so much flesh as did onely cover his bones) doubted his strength to perform that task, and, did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him however, it was like to shorten his life; but, he passionately denied their requests; saying, *he would not doubt that that God who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work.* And, when to the amazement of some beholders he appeared in the Pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice: but, mortality by a decayed body and dying face. And doubtless, many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel; *Do these bones live? or, can that soul organize that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying mans unspent life?* Doubtless it cannot; and yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the Text being, *To God the Lord belong the issues from death.* Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the Text prophetically chosen, and that *Dr. Donne had preach't his own funeral Sermon.*

Ezek.  
37. 3.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house, out of which he never moved, till like St. Stephen, *he was carried by devout men to his Grave.*

The next day after his Sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent, as indisposed him to business, or to talk : A friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, *Why are you sad?* To whom he replied with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world. And said,

‘I am not sad, but most of the night past I  
 ‘have entertained my self with many thoughts  
 ‘of several friends that have left me here, *and*  
 ‘*are gone to that place from which they shall not*  
 ‘*return:* And, that within a few dayes *I also*  
 ‘*shall go hence, and be no more seen.* And, my  
 ‘preparation for this change is become my  
 ‘nightly meditation upon my bed, which my  
 ‘infirmities have now made restless to me. But,  
 ‘at this present time I was in a serious contem-  
 ‘plation of the providence and goodness of  
 ‘God to me, who am less than the least of his  
 ‘mercies; and looking back upon my life past,  
 ‘I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented  
 ‘me from all temporal employment; and, it  
 ‘was his Will that I should never settle nor  
 ‘thrive

‘ thrive till I entred into the Ministry, in which,  
‘ I have now liv’d almost twenty years (I hope  
‘ to his glory) and by which I most humbly  
‘ thank him, I have been enabled to requite  
‘ most of those friends which shewed me kind-  
‘ nefs when my fortune was very low, as God  
‘ knows it was: and (as it hath occasioned the  
‘ expression of my gratitude) I thank God  
‘ most of them have stood in need of my requi-  
‘ tal. I have liv’d to be useful and comfortable  
‘ to my good Father-in-law Sir *George Moore*,  
‘ whose patience God hath been pleased to ex-  
‘ ercise with many temporal Crosses; I have  
‘ maintained my own Mother, whom it hath  
‘ pleased God after a plentiful fortune in her  
‘ younger dayes, to bring to a great decay in her  
‘ very old age. I have quieted the Conscien-  
‘ ces of many that have groaned under the bur-  
‘ then of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I  
‘ hope are available for me. I cannot plead inno-  
‘ cency of life, especially of my youth: But, I  
‘ am to be judged by a merciful God, *who is not*  
‘ *willing to see what I have done amiss*. And,  
‘ though of my self I have nothing to present to  
‘ him but sins and misery; yet, I know he looks  
‘ not upon me now as I am of my self, but as I  
‘ am in my Saviour, and hath given me even at  
‘ this time some testimonies by his Holy Spirit,  
‘ that I am of the number of his Elect: *I*  
‘ *am therefore full of joy, and shall dye in*  
‘ *peace*.

I must here look so far back, as to tell the Reader, that at his first return out of *Essex* to preach his last Sermon, his old Friend and Physician, Dr. *Fox*, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, *That by Cordials, and drinking milk twenty dayes together, there was a probability of his restauration to health;* but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. *Fox*, who loved him most intirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten dayes; at the end of which time, he told Dr. *Fox*, *he had drunk it more to satisfie him, than to recover his health; and that he would not drink it ten dayes longer upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not; and that he was so far from fearing death, which is the King of terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution.*

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and, that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there; yet, they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that like our radical heat it will both live and dye with us; and, many think it should do so; and, we want not sacred examples to justifie the desire of having our memory to out-live our lives: which I mention,

mention, because Dr. *Donne*, by the persuation of Dr. *Fox*, easily yielded at this very time to have a Monument made for him; but Dr. *Fox* undertook not to persuade how or what it should be; that was left to Dr. *Donne* himself.

This being resolved upon, Dr. *Donne* sent for a Carver to make for him in wood the figure of an *Urn*, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and, to bring with it a board of the height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice Painter was to be in a readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth. — Several Charcole-fires being first made in his large Study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand; and, having put off all his cloaths, had this sheet put on him, and so tyed with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrowded and put into the grave. Upon this *Urn* he thus stood with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face; which was purposely turned toward the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour. Thus he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death: and, was then given to his dearest friend and Executor Dr. *King*,

*King*, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white Marble, as it now stands in the Cathedral Church of *St. Pauls*; and by *Dr. Donne's* own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as his Epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE

Sac. Theol. Professor

*Post varia Studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis fideliter, nec infelicitè incubuit;*

*Instinctu & impulsu Sp. Sancti, Monitu  
& Hortatu*

REGIS JACOBI, Ordines Sacros amplexus

*Anno sui Jesu, 1614. & sue ætatis 42.*

*Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27. Novembris 1621.*

*Exutus morte ultimo Die Martii 1631.*

*Hic licet in Occiduo Cinere Aspicit Eum  
Cujus nomen est Oriens.*

Upon Monday following, he took his last leave of his beloved Study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber: and, that week sent at several times  
for



for many of his most considerable friends ; with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell ; commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismiss them, as good *Jacob* did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The *Sunday* following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against *Saturday* next ; for, after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world ; nor ever did : But, as *Job*, so he waited for the appointed time of his dissolution.

And now he had nothing to do but to dye ; to do which, he stood in need of no longer time, for he had studied long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness \* *he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution.* In that sickness he beg'd of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever ; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrob'd from her garment of mortality, makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his Prayers were then heard, and his Petition granted. He lay fifteen dayes earnestly expecting his hourly change ; and, in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some Revelation of

In his  
Book of  
Devoti-  
ons.

of the Beatifical Vision, he said, *I were miserable if I might not dye*; and after those words closed many periods of his faint breath, by saying often, *Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done*. His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him; not to serve another Master, but dyed before him; for that it was become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth, as Angels are said to do in heaven, *onely by thoughts and looks*. Being speechless, he did as St. Stephen, *look stedfastly towards heaven, till he saw the Son of God standing at the right hand of his Father*: and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes; and then, disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus *variable*, thus *vertuous* was the Life; thus *excellent*, thus *exemplary* was the Death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Pauls Church which he had appointed for that use some years before his death; and, by which he passed daily to pay his publick devotions to Almighty God (who was then served twice a day by a publick form of Prayer and Praises in that place) but, he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for, beside an unnumbered number

ber of others, many persons of Nobility, and of eminency for Learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a publick sorrow.

To which place of his Burial some mournful Friend repaired, and, as *Alexander the Great* did to the grave of the famous *Achilles*, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly Flowers; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many dayes; not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that Church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again by the Masons art so levelled and firmed, as they had been formerly; and, his place of Burial undistinguishable to common view.

Nor was this all the Honour done to his reverend Ashes; for, as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a Debtor: persons, that dare trust God with their Charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown Friend, that thought Dr. *Donne's* memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred Marks sent to his two faithful Friends \* and Executors, towards the making of his Monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but, after the death of Dr. *Fox*, it was known

Dr. King  
and Dr.  
Monfort.

known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead Friend, as Marble can express; a Statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that (as his Friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself) it seems to breath faintly; and, Posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial Miracle.

*He was of Stature moderately tall, of a strait and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of Comeliness.*

*The melancholy and pleasant humor were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his Company one of the delights of Mankind.*

*His fancy was unimitably high, equalled onely by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgement.*

*His aspect was chearful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a Conscience at peace with it self.*

*His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.*

*He did much contemplate (especially after he entred into his Sacred Calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the Soul, and the joyes of Heaven; and would often say, Blessed be God that he is God divinely like himself.*

*He*

*He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of Mankind without pity and relief:*

*He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge; with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:*

*But I shall see it reanimated.*

J. W.

---

G

A N

---

AN EPI TAPH written by Dr.  
Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford,  
on his Friend Dr. Donne.

**H**E that wou'd write an Epitaph for thee,  
And write it well, must first begin to be  
Such as thou wert; for, none can truly know  
Thy life and worth, but he that hath liv'd so.  
He must have wit to spare, and to hurle down,  
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.  
He must have learning plenty, both the Laws,  
Civil and Common, to judge any Cause.  
Divinity great store above the rest,  
Not of the last Edition, but the best.  
He must have language, travel, all the Arts,  
Judgement to use, or else he wants thy parts.  
He must have friends the highest, able to do,  
Such as Meccenas, and Augustus too.  
He must have such a sickness, such a death,  
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.  
He that would write an Epitaph for thee,  
Should first be dead; let it alone for me.

To the Memory of my ever  
desired Dr. Donne. An Ele-  
gy by H. King, late Bishop  
of Chichester.

**T**O have liv'd eminent in a degree  
Beyond our loftiest thoughts, that is like thee;  
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe,  
For such excesses find no Epitaph.

At common graves we have poetick eyes,  
Can melt themselves in easie Elegies;  
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,  
And pin it like the hatchments to the herse:  
But at thine, Poem or Inscription  
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none.  
Indeed a silence does that Tomb besit,  
Where is no Herauld left to blazon it.  
Widow'd invention justly doth forbear  
To come abroad, knowing thou art not there:  
Late her great Patron, whose prerogative  
Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive  
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,  
Though he the Indies for her dower estate.  
Or else that awful fire which once did burn  
In thy clear brain, now fallen into thy Urn,

G 2. Lives

*Lives there to fright rude Empericks from thence,  
Which might profane thee by their Ignorance.  
Whoever writes of thee, and in a stile  
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile  
Thy precious dust, and wakes a learned spirit,  
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit :  
For all a low-pitch't fancy can devise  
Will prove at best but hallowed injuries.*

*Thou like the dying Swan did'st lately sing  
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King ;  
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath  
Presented so to life that piece of death,  
That it was fear'd and prophesied by all  
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy Funerall.  
Oh hadst thou in an Elegiack knell  
Rung out unto the World thine own farewell,  
And in thy high victorious numbers beat  
The solemn measures of thy griev'd retreat,  
Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist,  
As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest :  
And never to the World beholden be,  
So much as for an Epitaph for thee.*

*I do not like the office ; nor is't fit  
Thou who didst lend our age such sums of wit,  
Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt mine  
That oare to bury thee which first was thine :  
Rather still leave us in thy debt, and know,  
Exalted Soul, more glory 'tis to owe  
Thy memory what we can never pay,  
Than with embased Coyne those Rites defray.*

*Commit*



*Commit we then thee to thy self, nor blame  
Our drooping loves that thus to thine own fame  
Leave thee Executor, since but thine own  
No pen could do thee Justice, nor bayes Crown  
Thy vast deserts; save that, we nothing can  
Depute to be thy ashes guardian:*

*So, Jewellers no Art or Metal trust  
To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.*

H. K.

## An ELEGY on Dr. D O N N E.

**O**ur Donne is dead: and, we may sighing say,  
We had that man where language chose to stay  
And shew her utmost power. I wou'd not praise  
That, and his great Wit, which in our vain dayes  
Makes others proud; but, as these serv'd to unlock  
That Cabinet his mind, where such a stock  
Of knowledge was repos'd, that I lament  
Our just and general cause of discontent.

*And, I rejoyce I am not so severe,  
But as I write a Line, to weep a tear  
For his decease: such sad Extremities  
Can make such men as I write Elegies.*

G 3

And

*And wonder not ; for, when so great a loss  
Falls on a Nation, and they slight the Cross,  
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them  
From their dull Lethargy : witness my Pen,  
Not us'd to upbraid the World : though now it must  
Freely, and boldly, for, the Cause is just.*

*Dull age ! oh, I wou'd spare thee, but thou'rt worse :  
Thou art not only dull, but, hast a Curse  
Of black Ingratitude : if not, Couldst thou  
Part with this matchless man, and make no vow  
For thee and thine successively to pay,  
Some sad remembrance to his dying day ?*

*Did his Youth scatter Poetry, wherein  
Lay Loves Philosophy ? Was every sin  
Pictur'd in his sharp Satyrs, made so foul  
That some have fear'd sins shapes, & kept their soul  
Safer by reading Verse ? Did he give dayes,  
Past marble Monuments to those whose praise  
He wou'd perpetuate ? Did he ( I fear  
Envy will doubt ) these at his twentieth year ?*

*But more matur'd : did his rich soul conceive,  
And, in harmonious holy numbers weave*

\* La Co- *A Crown of Sacred \* Sonnets, fit to adorn*  
rena. *A dying Martyrs brow : or, to be worn  
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,  
After she wip'd Christs feet ; but not, till then.  
Did he ( fit for such Penitents as she  
And he to use ) leave us a Letanie,*

*Which*

Which all devout men love : and, doubtless shall  
 As times grow better, grow more Classicall.  
 Did he write Hymns, for Piety and Wit,  
 Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ ?  
 Spake he all Languages ? Knew he all Laws ?  
 The grounds and use of Physick : but, because  
 'Twas mercenary, wou'd it : went to see  
 That happy place of Christs Nativity.  
 Did he return and preach him ? preach him so  
 As since St. Paul none ever did ! they know :  
 Those happy souls that hear'd him know this truth.  
 Did he confirm thy ag'd ? convert thy youth ?  
 Did he these wonders ! and, is his dear loss  
 Mourn'd by so few ? few for so great a Cross.

But sure, the silent are ambitious all  
 To be close Mourners at his Funerall.  
 If not, in common pity, they forbear  
 By Repetitions to renew our care :  
 Or knowing grief conceiv'd, and bid, consumes  
 Mans life insensibly, as poyson fumes  
 Corrupt the brain, take silence for the way  
 To enlarge the soul from these walls, mud, and clay,  
 Materials of this body : to remain  
 With him in Heaven, where no promiscuous pain  
 Lessens those joyes we have : for, with him all  
 Are satisfied, with joyes essentiall.

Dwell on these joyes my thoughts : oh, do not call  
 Grief back, by thinking on his Funerall :

*Forget he lov'd me : waste not my swift years  
 Which haste to Davids seventy, fill'd with fears  
 And sorrows for his death. Forget his parts,  
 They find a living grave in good mens hearts.  
 And, for my first is daily paid for sin:  
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him.  
 Forget his powerful preaching : and, forget  
 I am his Convert. Oh my frailty ! let  
 My flesh be no more heard : it will obtrude  
 This Lethargy : so shou'd my gratitude,  
 My vows of gratitude shou'd so be broke ;  
 Which, can no more be, than his vertues spoke  
 By any but himself : for which cause, I  
 Write no Incomiums, but this Elegy.  
 Which, as a Free-will offering, I here give  
 Fame and the World: and, parting with it, grieve,  
 I want abilities, fit to set forth,  
 A Monument, great, as Donne's matchless worth.*

April 7. 1631.

Iz: Wet.

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**F I N I S.**